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ST. JOHNS REVIEW

Devoted to the interests of the Peninsula, the Manufacturing Center of the Northwest

VOL. 8

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NO. 46

GET IN THE HABIT

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and you'll never regret it. Be-
gin at once and keep right at it

Concerning Alarm Clocks

Cocks were crowing, a woodpecker was busy on the roof, the morning was astir, and the Loiterer was amind to be likewise, when in through the open window—

"Br-r-rip wake up! Get up! Hustle! Bustle! Quick! Quick! Jump! I say! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Why don't you hur-ree-e—"

The shrill, angry voice of the new neighbor's alarm clock trailed off into an incoherent irritated jumble of profanity.

Such an awakening! Pity the man who has so small respect for himself as to set up this impudent little upstart to shout and swear at him every morning, and who has so little eagerness for the new day that he must have such a summoning to it! The Loiterer fell to wondering what manner of man this new neighbor might be.

Perhaps he is the Busy Man, you all know him (and sometimes he is a woman,) he who seems to imagine that he holds up in its place the big round earth, and makes himself into a perpetual motion machine in order to maintain its equilibrium, exactly as a clown balancing a ball on his nose. You wish you could hold him for a half hour or so that you might see that what he is balancing by his frantic activities is only a bubble which will break in the falling and that the earth would spin on very merrily without him. He reminds one of Chanticleer who thought he made the sun rise with his crowing. If you could but steal the Busy Man's alarm clock and let him sleep some morning until he wakes naturally, how surprised he would be to find out that the world had been all but unaware of the catastrophe of his absence!

"There was a man that always hurried. There was a woman that always worried. Man died, no time to play, no time to smile; The woman died, too, in a little while."

And the world got along without them."

But perhaps the new neighbor is the Lazy Man. Well, that would be better. The Lazy Man, confessedly so, doesn't make a bad neighbor, and the Loiterer confesses to a fellow feeling for him. But may Fate defend us from the Lazy Man who doesn't know he is lazy; he who eats too much, exercises too little and thinks not at all, and then out of his state of general flabbiness declares weakly that he never would wake up without his alarm clock. He just can't do it.

Can't nonsense. The Loiterer puts forth the proposition that any person with body and mind in a normal condition can wake himself up at any hour he pleases. But, of course, the person in question isn't in a normal condition, being stupefied by gluttony and like pampering habits into a state of general stagnation.

Perhaps, again, the new neighbor is a Toll Drugged Man: one of those who labor every day so beyond their strength that the night does not suffice to rest them, and they must goad themselves, unrefreshed, to each new day of toil. That there are men who work thus through no fault of their own we must admit, to the shame of all of us, for we are all in some degree responsible for the fact that such conditions of labor exist. But there are other men who work thus who could help themselves if they would.

It is possible to dissipate in work as well as in strong liquors, and one dissipation will degrade and kill as inevitably as the other. It is time we realized that it is no more a thing to boast of that a man has worked 20 hours a day than that he has drunk 20 glasses of beer. Each excess is against the law of man's being and, therefore, against the law of God.

But it is safe to say that for every one man who is not toll drugged there are ten who are drugged with excessive and improper food and impure air. Such people cannot expect to respond to any natural stimulus, and will have to continue to be prodded into a semblance of life each morning by their alarm clocks.

But for the other people who are endeavoring to live rationally—what's the use? It's like hiring an awkward foreigner to do your work when you have an intelligent, willing servant in your own house growing rheumatic with idleness. The servant? Why the mind, to be sure. We all are under the impression that we have more or less of one, and no one of us is yet using it to anywhere near its full capacity. This is just one little service it will render us on short training—wake us up comfortably and promptly in the morning. Per-

Public Schools Open

The public schools of St. Johns re-opened Monday with the following corps of teachers under C. H. Boyd, city superintendent: High School—C. A. Fry, principal (succeeding Clara A. Boss); Katherine Kahley, Edith Rundall and Bert Wilcox, assistants. Central School—First grade: Lula E. Parmelee and May Haley; second grade: Margaret Ostrander; third grade: Lydia M. Villeneuve; fourth grade: Claire Pratt and Alda Overstreet; fifth grade: Marcia Romig; sixth grade: Edith W. Carter and H. Mae Jefferson; seventh grade: Mae Stephens and Anna Dudley; eighth grade: Mrs. Lydia Mutscham; ninth grade: Mrs. M. F. Burdick. North School—Nellie M. Stevens, principal, first grade; Madge Dunn, second grade; Verne M. Finner, third grade; Mrs. Frank Test, fourth grade; Mrs. Edna Russell, fifth grade. East School—Emma T. Clanton, principal, and second and third grades; Lucy D. Hoyer, first grade; Mrs. E. L. Coover, superintendent of music; Miss Effie McDaniels, supervisor of drawing and sewing; Miss Agnes Watkins, manual training. Of the 27 teachers employed, only seven are new. Professor Fry, formerly teacher of German and athletics, has been promoted to the position of principal, made vacant by the resignation of Miss Clara Boss, and his place will be filled by Professor Bert Wilcox, of the University of Indiana. Miss Agnes Watkins, who installed the manual training department in the Ashland schools, and taught there the past two years, has been secured to take charge of the new manual training department, which will be open to all students above the fourth grade. Miss Parmelee comes from Gresham, Miss Romig from Oregon City and Miss Jefferson from La Grande, while Mrs. Test and Miss Pratt hail from St. Johns. In addition to the manual training, sewing will be taught by Miss McDaniels, the drawing supervisor, and the lower grades will be taught rafia basket work and weaving.

It won't succeed the first time you set it to the task, perhaps it works awkwardly the second and keep jerking you awake every hour or so in its nervousness. But the third time, or at most the fourth, the proper result should be obtained and forever thereafter.

And it is really worth while. Somebody has said that morning brings back the heroic ages, but the morning that starts out with an alarm clock seems to bring back the barbarity of the middle ages. It carries with it suggestions of chilly houses and cluttered breakfast tables, of women with wrappers and unkempt hair and men with untidy clothing and impatient words and a general rush and jump into the unwelcome business of the day. Morning strikes the keynote of the day and nobody wants his whole day to go screaming in E sharp. After all, the natural thing to do in the morning is to wake up. Anybody who is living with a capital I, and incidentally living cleanly and wholesomely will need no louder call to the new day than his own eagerness to experience its joys and duties. It is only the man in whom there is no dawn to meet the dawn of nature who needs the alarm clock.

St. Johns Loiterer.

Packing Plant Option

It is announced today that Emanuel Mays, the well known capitalist of this city and formerly connected with the Union Meat company when that institution was located at Troutdale, has taken options on several pieces of land at Maegley Junction, on the Peninsula.

While those reporting the matter would not say definitely what the land was to be used for, it is understood that it will be for the operation of independent stockyards.

The location of the proposed stockyards is likewise said to have a bearing upon the new packing plant to be conducted by the James Goode Packing company.

For some time Louis Burke, formerly a well known livestock man of Portland, has been besieged by stock interests of the interior to operate independent stockyards here, but up to this time is said to have not given the matter much attention. However, today's announcement of the Mays deal connects him with the plan to conduct a stockyard.

The parties in charge of the proposed yards are keeping the matter as quiet as possible, but it is stated that one of the options taken was for the Friedman property, near Maegley Junction.—Journal.

Capital Punishment

Great fear always takes possession when we think of making any kind of change; the fear seems to hit lawyers and judges hardest, possibly because they live so much in the realm of precedent. Lord Elenborough predicted chaos if men were not hanged for petit larceny, and Lord Eldon heartily agreed.

When an advocate of capital punishment contends that we will go to the bow-wows if we do not execute murderers he must be ignorant of facts or wilfully covering them. Five states and a dozen nations have abolished capital punishment with chiefly satisfactory results.

Maine abolished capital punishment in 1876. Re-established 1883. Homicides rose from 4 to 13, and Governor in his message called for the re-enactment of abolishment of capital punishment and it was re-established in 1887. With capital punishment homicide averaged a little less than 13. Without capital punishment the average was 7, with a growing population. If the population is taken into account there were twice as many murders under capital punishment as without it.

Michigan abolished 1847, so this can be said to be the pioneer state in this reform movement. For the last 25 years it has had fewer homicides in proportion to its population than neighboring states that retain the law. It has less than one-third the number of Ohio.

Wisconsin abolished in 1853, with no disposition to return to it again. In 1873 Governor Washburn said: "It is 20 years since we abolished capital punishment and no state can show greater freedom from homicidal crimes."

Rhode Island abolished 1852, and the chief justice says: "My observation fully justifies me in saying that conviction is far more certain now than when the death penalty was in vogue."

Concerning two states, Much has been said about the "failure" of the abolishment of capital punishment in Colorado and Iowa.

Colorado in 1897 and had a trial of three years. In 1900 two negroes and a white man were lynched for atrocious crimes and the clamor for revenge from the people called for the restoration of capital punishment in part. Now the jury is given the power to say whether a man shall be hung or given a life sentence. The agitation for the abolition of capital punishment still continues, for statistics show that restoration has not diminished the number of murders.

Iowa abolished 1872. Re-established 1878. Here, as in Colorado, the jury have been given the right to modify the verdict to life imprisonment, which has practically meant the abolition of capital punishment altogether, for only two legal executions have occurred in the last 12 years.

Belgium has not abolished capital punishment, but no executions have been carried out since 1863. During the decade 1846-1855 when executions were carried out there were 143 capital sentences. In the decade 1856-65 when executions were not carried out there were 87 capital sentences. In other words, with no executions the murder cases had decreased 40 per cent.

Holland abolished 1870. Dutch Minister of Justice says after a review of statistics: "the statistics demonstrate that murders in proportion to the population are diminishing."

Italy, by the new code in 1889 abolished capital punishment. Murders are frequent, which is due to racial and climatic and other conditions. Although murders are frequent in Tuscany still the number in comparison to those of Sicily, her neighboring country with like conditions, is one to ten.

Portugal abolished 1863. Homicides said to have gone as high as 220 in a single year were reduced nearly half that number in 1880.

A number of the leading nations, while not abolishing capital punishment, are drifting that way. In England nearly half the death sentences passed are commuted. In Austria between 1870 and 1879, 794 out of 806 were commuted. In Sweden 29 out of 32. In Norway 11 out of 14. Denmark 93 out of 94. In Bavaria 242 out of 249. In North Germany between 1869-1878, 483 out of 484, the one convict in this case being not actually guilty of murder, but only of the attempt at it, that is, an attempt on the Kaiser's life.

Many fear the bingaboo of overworked pardoning in case of abolishment of capital punishment. In 1906 the warden of Wisconsin said: "there are 263 prisoners under life sentence, 65 have been pardoned," then adds this significant fact: "there was only one out of the 65 who returned to a life of crime."

Big Yield of Spuds

Talk about spuds. If you wish to see the ne plus ultra of tuber production take a squint at the volunteer crop at P. A. Bredeen's store on North Jersey. P. A. presumably swept out his grocery one day last spring (maybe more than one day) and among other things, he ejected a little spud, too small to sell even when they were going at \$1.75. It was covered in some accidental manner, the spring rains and sunshine did the rest. The spud came up early and prospered. The ubiquitous boy and his ever present canine companion vainly tramped it in their games; the exigencies of business often beat it to earth with the moving of sundry boxes and barrels, only to see it rise phoenix like when the impediment were removed. The spud, like Longfellow's turnip, "grew, and it grew as long as it was able," and then, when the sear and yellow leaf betokened the harvest time, P. A. thought to secure a good spud or two for his dinner. He began to dig, and the fine big tubers began to roll out until the astonished farmer thought he had struck a potato mine. The yield was 22 pounds, the largest individual spud weighing 3 3/4 lbs. It is suggested that Mr. Bredeen move his store and sow the entire lot to cast off (!) potatoes. It would beat an oil well as a money maker.

Now comes G. W. Denbar, the fly cop of the first ward and deposes and says that he has six rows of Irish potatoes, (he knows they are Irish because he is Irish and they belong to him,) and the seed rows are approximately 32 feet in length, and he further deposes and says that his family began to use of these said Irish potatoes on the first day of July 1912, at his residence, 320 East Mohawk street, that they have used them continuously ever since, that on Monday of this week he dug the remainder of these six rows of Irish potatoes, and there were fully 200 pounds of as fine, sound and smooth spuds as you can find anywhere. As an evidence of good faith, and as corroborative testimony to the truth of the foregoing, deponent deposited in this office four beautiful, white Burbank tubers, each as large as your foot, which he avers came from one hill and that there four others that were equally as large and fine. He also stated that "Widow Denbar" declares this the finest crop of spuds she has grown in St. Johns; and further deponent saith not. If any other of our city farmers can beat these illustrious husbandmen we would like to see the color of their hair.

A Hard Proposition

That druggists sometimes have hard propositions to grapple with when filling prescriptions was demonstrated in one instance last week in the St. Johns Pharmacy. A party wanted a prescription filled and sent a boy to the drug store with the prescription written out, of which the following is a fair copy:

b a Rome, 5c.
camfor, 5c.
a n care, 5c.
car b ace, 5c.

This stumped the druggist and on calling up the party he was astonished that the drug mixer could not make it out. Rightly written it reads: Bay rum, camphor, arnica and carbolic acid mixed together.

Building Permits

No. 46—To F. G. Magill to erect a dwelling on Olympia street between Midway and Fairhaven streets; cost \$250.

No. 47—To Eliza Jensen to erect a dwelling on Mohawk street between Olympia and Swenson streets; cost \$1000.

No. 48—To C. Spies to repair First National Bank building on Jersey street between Burlington and Leavitt streets; cost \$250.

As far as facts are known there is not on record in this country the case of a single lifetimer who was pardoned and committed murder again. There are only two cases on record where such crimes have been perpetrated, and those are in far off Italy. The contention that lifetimers often go crazy, because of their confinement, is no serious objection, for insanity has usually followed solitary confinement, which is not practiced much of late except for incorrigibility in prison.

Satisfaction, is the word—Gilmore, the Barber.

Drowning Disaster

The most distressing accident that ever happened in St. Johns occurred Sunday evening, when two young lives were snuffed out in the waters of the Willamette. It was a case wherein one young woman gave up her life for her friend, greater love than which no one can show. There have been several conflicting stories told about the sad affair, but the facts are as follows: Leonia May DuMond and Orpha Marie Meyer, two young friends, at the instance of the latter decided to take a little boat ride. The DuMond family was preparing to move nearer to Mr. DuMond's work, and the young ladies believing that it might be the last opportunity for a long time to spend a little time together on the river, wended their way thither. The father of Miss Meyer remonstrated against the proposed trip, but the young ladies believed there was no danger if they kept close to the shore. The time was shortly after seven o'clock in the evening. A boat was secured at the Richmond street dock, and a lantern borrowed to serve as a warning against any other vessel crowding them too closely. They had gotten only a short distance from the dock when a large vessel passed which caused the boat to be enveloped in a swirl of water. Orpha Meyer, fearing that the lantern would be overturned by the commotion, attempted to grab it up from where it had been sitting in the bow of the vessel. Somehow she tripped in so doing and fell into the river. Her companion immediately jumped into the river to rescue her. Miss DuMond was an expert swimmer and diver, but was unable to quiet the girl's struggles sufficiently to drag her to shore, which was not over 40 feet distant. But she persisted in her heroic efforts and her drowning companion fought for life with desperation, badly bruising in her struggles the face and body of her would-be rescuer. Despite the mist-directed resistance, Miss DuMond continued her efforts to rescue until she was utterly exhausted, and before she could save herself sank into the waters. In her struggles Miss Meyer tore the skirt from her companion and retained it in her grasp. The watch which the latter carried stopped at 7:30, so that must have been the hour when the double drowning took place. The body of Miss Meyer was recovered first after lying in the water for one hour and twenty minutes. The body of her companion was recovered twenty minutes later. There were no signs of life in either, altho Mr. DuMond worked more than an hour over their bodies. An attempt was made to secure a physician, but it was not until the bodies had long been recovered before one put in an appearance.

F. A. Meyer, the father of one of the young women, followed the couple to the river, as he had a presentiment that an accident might occur, but in the roundabout way he had to follow the boat, he did arrive on the scene only five minutes after the accident occurred. Mr. DuMond arrived in about 15 minutes, and while he is an expert diver, he had no means of knowing the exact spot where to go down after and secure the bodies while life may not have yet become extinct. Mrs. Meyer witnessed the accident from the dock, but she was unable to render the slightest assistance except to go for help. A little brother of Miss DuMond also saw the affair, and he rushed to his home to tell his father of it. It is said that a vessel passing by while the couple were struggling in the water, that a searchlight was thrown upon the scene but the vessel passed by without offering any aid.

The accident was a most deplorable one, and it is deeply regretted that the wondrous heroism shown by Miss DuMond failed of its purpose, and that she lost her own life in endeavoring to save the life of her friend. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the stricken families in this their sad hour of bereavement.

Leonia May DuMond was born in Ashland, Wisconsin, December 14, 1889, and came with her family to St. Johns in January of this year, residing at 302 West Mohawk street, being a daughter of J. L. DuMond. Her mother died in January, 1905, and to her fell the care of a little brother until her father married again a few years later. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and was a faithful Christian girl. Her father had early taught her to swim and dive, and she was at home in the water. Leonia was a natural born nurse, and ever since she was a little girl took delight in giving aid to the sick. She was a young woman who was loved by all who knew her. Her life was a

An Interesting Career

J. E. Ray of Salt Lake City is a guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Davis. Mrs. Ray has been here for some time at the Davis home. Two years ago Mr. Ray paid St. Johns a visit, and he notes many improvements in the interim. Mr. Ray has had a most interesting career. He spent most of his life on the plains between Salt Lake City and Denver. He was intimately acquainted with "Wild Bill" Hickok and spent some time in his company. Mr. Ray was at one time the most noted shot in the entire west, with no superior unless it might be Wild Bill, with whom he never tried issues. He refused an offer of \$10,000 per year to travel around as an expert shot, meeting all comers. He had quite a reputation as a foot racer also. He killed over 4000 deer in his time and buffalo and other game without number. He was a United States official and fought Indians and desperados on numerous occasions. At present he is engaged in mining and real estate business, in which he has been eminently successful. He is a most interesting man to meet, sociable, genial and a ready and interesting talker.

Governors' Meeting

At a meeting of the board of governors of the Commercial club Monday afternoon the matter of establishing a passenger and express depot on Dawson street adjoining the trolley bridge was taken up, and the secretary directed to get into communication with the officials of the North Bank line in an effort to aid in bringing the project about. It was also decided to more thoroughly investigate the matter of the county road in the north end through the Gatton tract, with a view to inducing the county authorities to construct the necessary bridges and place the road in good condition. Both propositions are well worth working for, and there is a good chance of success in each instance.

pure and bright one, and her friends were many. A father, stepmother, two brothers and one sister survive. One brother is in New York city, and a step brother is attending Drake University, Des Moines, Ia. That she should be cut off in the very prime of her young womanhood, when life was just at its brightest, seem hard to realize, yet the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and somehow it must be for the best, yet how hard to understand! God must have need of the brightest lives, else he would not call them so frequently.

Orpha Marie Meyer was born in Meyers, Oregon, almost 15 years ago, and came with her parents to live in St. Johns three years ago last April. She was a member of the Methodist church and her young life was spotless and Christian-like. Full of life and spirits and good cheer, she was a girl that one could not help but like, and her death, coming in such a sudden and unexpected manner, is a most distressing blow to the family and her friends. She is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Meyer, six brothers and one sister, residing at 312 Crawford street.

The double funeral took place at the Methodist church Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. J. J. Patton preaching the funeral sermon, and eulogized the Christ-like love of Miss DuMond for her friend, that she should give up her life for her. The chop men of the Albina shops, of which Mr. DuMond is foreman, sent a most beautiful floral tribute in the shape of a chair, handsomely decorated, and all that could be spared from the shops attended the funeral, shop men acting as pallbearers. Interment took place in the Columbia cemetery, where the two friends were buried side by side. And thus God has gathered at his footstool two of St. Johns' fairest gems.

A light is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home
That never can be filled.

Oh, our daughter, how we miss you,
And we feel so lonely here,
As we gather round the table;
And see the vacant chair.

We miss thee from our home, dear daughter,
We miss thee from thy place;
A shadow o'er our life is cast,
We miss the sunshine of thy face.

We miss thy kind and willing hand,
Thy fond and earnest care,
Our home is dark without thee,
We miss thee everywhere.

Yet a silent voice keeps saying,
Parents, dry those mournful tears;
Daughter's now beyond the river
Where there is no pain or cares.

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